

THE NINTH BIRTHDAY.

Do you know our little Clara?  
She's nine years old to-day.  
Though born in cold December,  
She's as bright as the sun of May.  
Her eyes are blue and bright,  
As rivulets in spring.  
And like the bird and butterfly,  
She's always on the wing.

Do you know our little Clara?  
She's a slender child and tall,  
With a gentle smile for those she meets,  
And a heart of love for all.  
In her eyes is a wisdom,  
Though sometimes quite sad,  
And in her smile a joy,  
Which shines through her infant face.

Do you know our little Clara?  
Then join me in the song,  
I now tell you right glad will  
To greet her natal day.  
And with a love that may be,  
A good wish and a prayer,  
That she may live to see  
A world of light.

The Schoolmaster.

By "Sister Novell."

"Oh, please! I don't believe it," exclaimed Aunt Prudy, tossing *Harper's Bazar* upon the center-table.

"Don't believe what?" asked Uncle Frank, closing his Manual of Mythology, with the index finger to mark the place.

"Why, just listen," Aunt Prudy caught the rejected paper again, and Tommy and I pushed back our slates, fired, any way, yet satisfied the hated algebra was well learned and our slates passable.

Father and mother were out, and we had teased in the early part of the evening for a story, and gained the promise of one when the lessons were learned.

Aunt Prudy read: "According to a recent writer in the old time—we wish, for the credit of humanity, the oldest time was thousands of years ago—a Saxon schoolmaster taught school fifty-one years."

During the time he kept a faithful record of the following punishments which he inflicted: 911,500 canings, 121,000 floggings, 200,000 cat-o'-nines, 10,200 ear-boxes, 22,700 taps, 136 tips with rule, 700 boys had caused to stand on pins, 5,000 to stand on sharp-edged wood, 5,000 to wear foot-caps, 1,700 to hold the rod—total, 1,287,480 cases of punishment."

"There, can you believe that?" asked Aunt Prudy, throwing the paper from her again.

"Yes, I do, and can, most emphatically. I tell you, Prudy, teaching school forty or fifty years ago was not what it is now, nor going to school, either. I'm an old bachelor, I know, might as well own up; but I can distinctly remember going to school that long ago, and it just grinds whenever I think of it. Why, there was Minerva Spriggs, aunt to the one you know—she lived and gone, but I hated her as long as she lived, and shall hate her memory as long as I live."

Uncle Frank had in turn tossed his book to the table, and was intently pacing the floor. "Why, I've seen that woman pin the boys to the wall by the ears; make them stand with their toes and finger-tips to the floor, and if they protested at all, down came a tremendous flogging, three feet long, at least, and three inches wide. She would put the snuffers on our noses—my, but that was awful—I've worn them many an hour, not any of your light, dainty ones of these days, but an old-fashioned, brass pair that weighed two pounds each, certainly; holding very heavy books at arm's length; standing on one's foot until it went to sleep, and your whole body paralyzed; standing on peas' would be a pleasant change from this. 'Ca'ting the head, I thought it was a joke, but indeed! What were they to do that for when it came down? I remember the worst flogging I ever got, and I was as innocent as Katie this minute."

I had just given Tommy a nudge, for I saw we were to have our story without any teasing this time, all acted out, too, good as a drama. Uncle saw something of my mind in my eyes, I suppose, for he went on:

"Yes, I'll tell you a story, a certain true one, as Tommy says. I cannot tell you why it was to this day, but for some reason Miss Spriggs seemed to cherish a spite toward me; if I did well, got up head and all that, it seemed to make her mad. I thought it was because she wanted her lazy lubber of a brother, Joshua, to excel; he never did but once, then she lied about it, I know. Well, one morning, splendidly cold, I remember, the less fine, I went skating along Bear Creek, happy as a lark in midsummer meadow. I had reason to be happy, for I was rich in the possession of a new tip-top and a pair of red mittens fresh from the cold winds when they attempted to bite, and caught at the birch boughs that overhung the ice-bound creek and made miniature snow-cornices fall from the ledges. I was the first at the school-house. There was a great fire in the huge fire-place; the back-log had smoldered all night and was renewed by one of the directors in the morning, it being unusually cold. It was the business of the first arrival to replenish the fire; but, as I said, the flames were already dancing up the wide chimney and heaps of live coals lay upon the broad hearth. The logs spluttered and sang, as the bark peeled and crackled from their brown sides. In a few minutes there was a noisy arrival of a clique of older and rougher boys; then Joshua Spriggs came in with his sister, the terrible teacher. I had my back toward the door, and confess I had not enough respect for her to bid her good-morning. A snicker ran through the crowd of boys, accompanied by ominous glances and punctures. I heard Miss Spriggs step briskly and firmly to her desk; the click of the key, and then such a scream as fairly chilled my blood. I turned quickly, the desk-cover came down with a bang, and Miss Spriggs was staggering back with uplifted hands and wide staring eyes to the wall.

"The boys rushed up, crying, 'what's the matter, what's the matter?' You remember that Warren Bates and Sam Weller, don't you, Prudy?"

Aunt Prudy shook her head. "Why, of course you do not, I'm always forgetting I'm so much older," Uncle Frank was over twenty years older, but she did love him so. He had been a kind father to her all her life. She was only a baby when her mother died.

Miss Spriggs recovered herself enough to clap her hand on the desk, saying: "Back! back! every one of you. I know very well who did this, it was you, Franklin Towms!"

"I was stupefied. I knew not what she meant. She took her ruler from its nail and came quickly toward me. "It was you, Franklin Towms," she repeated, as she dealt blow on blow with

merciless hand across my shoulders and head. In vain I cried and expostulated my innocence, the blows came thicker and faster until I fell at her feet, the blood streaming from my nose and mouth; this sobered the teacher. I was told afterward she raised me up when she saw my face, was frightened, told the boys to run for water, and even called me 'Dear Frankie,' while trying to revive me. I was carried home insensible, and, after a long illness, learned the cause of her fright. The day before was 'killing day' at one of the neighbors, and Warren and Sam had stolen the hogs' heads for Miss Spriggs' benefit, letting some of the other boys into the secret. It was enough to frighten her. I'm sure, those ghastly heads, wide staring eyes, and grinning teeth, covered with blood from recent dressing. I knew nothing about it if I did suffer as she supposed. I never went to school to her again, but I think her record went on about the same, and would compare favorably with the Saxonian master.

Several years after, when I was quite a young man, and Miss Spriggs retired school-teaching, indeed, quite an invalid, having occasion to pass her house one day—we were neighbors—she called to me, asking, as a favor, to help her in her garden a few minutes. I think it was to nail some slates on her grape-arbor. The little garden was gay with marigolds, fuchsia, coriopsis, sweet williams, and other flowers of those times. Sweet peas were also a favorite of mine. I stopped to admire some newly trained on a lattice frame, when the center-piece caught my eye. It was my old enemy, the very same old ferule. Letting some of the other boys into the secret. I was enough to frighten her. I'm sure, those ghastly heads, wide staring eyes, and grinning teeth, covered with blood from recent dressing. I knew nothing about it if I did suffer as she supposed. I never went to school to her again, but I think her record went on about the same, and would compare favorably with the Saxonian master.

"Why, Franklin Towms! are you still so vindictive?"

"Yes, I am," I replied, hotly, "and I would like to serve you to the same way."

"She died to the house and I out of the gate. Our paths were separate forever."

"I repeat, Prudy, school-teaching is not what it was formerly. I speak in a general way. There were some noble exceptions, but usually schools were no more or less than inquisitions, and teachers perfect tyrants."

"Frank, dear," said Aunt Prudy, "they spoiled a good actor when they made a lawyer of you."

"Yes, but it's jolly to hear uncle's stories when he feels them," remarked Tommy.—Interior.

A MOTHER'S PRESENCE.—"Here, take the pencil," said the dying words of William A. Shorter, late editor of the *Home Courier*. His last hours relate that on the night of the death of his son in Rome, his wife, at home in Eufaula, Alabama, awoke him asking the time of night, saying, "Willie is dead. I feel that Willie is dead." He looked, and found it fifteen minutes past one by his time. Our young friend died at ten minutes past one by the time at Rome. Mrs. Shorter knew of her son's illness, but, nevertheless, it was very strange that the impression should have been vivid enough just at the moment of his departure to cause her to arouse her husband in order to get the time of the night.—Atlanta Constitution.

Some fifty years ago a poor old woman in Ireland had her cottage pulled down over her head by her landlord. Her name was Molly Maguire, and she died of grief and exposure. Thereupon her son and some neighbors laid themselves into a secret band, and vowed to take fierce revenge on Irish landlords in general. The band spread rapidly, and they called themselves the "Molly Maguires." Irish coal miners brought the name to America.

He was taken sick in the night, and in her youthful ignorance she made two mustard plasters and placed one on his chest and one between his shoulders; very strange that the mustard should have been so effective. But he was a well-bred man, and merely said that he appreciated, with a tenderness he had never known before, the true position of a sandwich in a community.

THE OXIDATION OF A VETERAN.—Here is the opinion Thurlow Wood entertains of gold and paper: "Gold is passive; paper active. Gold works out its mission in vaults and coffers; paper courses like blood through the veins and arteries of business, from the extremes of the heart of the nation, imparting strength, vigor, and health to the whole body."

When a small boy with a prejudice against yellow dogs observes an old oyster can in a condition of inactivity, he at once begins debating whether it was created to point a moral or adorn a tale. The dog gets the first news of the decision.

"I shouldn't care much about the bugs!" said a thin, pale lodger, to his landlady, who the fact is, ma'am, I hadn't got the blood to spare."

An old negro cook says, "Sass an powerful good in eberyting but chillun. Dey needs some oder kind ob dressin'."

"I'm particularly uneasy on this point," as the *NY* said when the tailor stuck him on the end of a needle.

If our country should become as densely populated as Holland, it would contain 1,000,000,000 inhabitants.

The Law of Newspapers.

1. Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscriptions.  
2. If any subscribers order the discontinuance of their newspapers, the publisher may continue to send them until all arrears are paid.  
3. If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their newspapers from the offices to which they are directed, the law holds them responsible until they have settled the bill, and ordered their discontinuance.  
4. If subscribers remove to other places without informing the publisher, and the newspapers are sent to the former direction, they are held responsible.  
5. The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers from the office, or removing and leaving them uncollected for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.  
6. The postmaster who neglects to give the legal notice of the neglect of a person to take from the office the newspapers addressed to him, is liable to the publisher for the subscription price.

LIST OF POST OFFICES.

OREGON.  
Baker County.  
Auburn, Argenta, Baker City, Clarksville, Express River, Edmonds, Elm, Humboldt, Harlan, Jordan Valley, Kys Valley, Wingville.

Benewah County.  
Alena Valley, Curvill, Drift Creek, King's Valley, Liberty, Little Rock, Newport, Newton, Pinedale, Starr, Summit, Toledo, Yonah, Yonah.

Chickamaug County.  
Baker, Bitter Creek, Canby, Chickamaug, Clear Creek, Clatskanie, Damascus, Eagle Creek, Glad Tidings, Highland, Molalla, Milwaukie, Newby, Norton, Oregon City, Oswego, Sandy, Springwater, Zion, New Era.

Clatsop County.  
Astoria, Clifton, Gear, Klappan, Selah, Skippam, Seaside House, Westport.

Cook County.  
Cass River, Coquille, Don, Empire City, Eschscholtz, Prairie, Fairview, Hermansville, Juntura, Marshfield, North Bend, Randolph, Siskiyou, Siskiyou.

Colusa County.  
Columbia City, Clatskanie, Marshfield, Rainier, St. Helens, Sunnyside, Seaside, Seaside.

Columbia County.  
Chilton, Ellensburg, Port Orchard.

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